

NECESSITY.

What stern Necessity hath once obtained
For mortal's share,
Let him not murmur, howsoever constrained,
His lot to bear,
Nor Time, nor Chance, nor Laws, nor Gods,
Nor Men,
Her voice can stay;
Her icy finger points the way, and then
Man must obey.
And Love, and Hate, and Fear, and Joy,
and Pain
She portions each;
Nor vanished bliss will e'er restore again,
Whoe'er beseech.
Tis weakness to resist her stern decree,
'Tis impious to rebel;
The strongest mind, the noblest heart has he,
Who follows well.
—Temple Bar.

A HOSPITAL NURSE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



WELL, mother," said Dora Trafford, "what are we going to do now?" And Mrs. Trafford answered, with a sigh, that "she was sure she didn't know."

"Have you had any breakfast?" said Dora, fondling the little wrinkled hand where the worn wedding ring hung so loose.

"I've had some toast and a cup of tea," answered Mrs. Trafford. "And the teapot is waiting on the back of the stove for you. We have got to vacate the premises before night, dear. The man has sold them, and needs a caretaker no longer."

"Yes, I know," nodded Dora. "I ought to have been up earlier to help you pack our poor little odds and ends. But I was so tired and slept so heavily. Mother, what are these?"

She touched with the tip of her slim, taper foot a slovenly bundle of things that lay on the floor.

"Soiled silk dresses, crumpled dices, half-worn embroidery," said she, elevating her pretty little nose. "One would think the errand boy had mistaken No. 44 for the lodgings of the second-rate actress at No. 17."

Mrs. Trafford flushed up to her faded eyebrows. What had she been thinking of not to have hurried the things out of sight before Dora came down stairs?

"It's from your Cousin Mainwaring," said she. "I sent them a little note yesterday."

"A little note!" Dora's Diana-like figure involuntarily straightened itself up—a vivid carmine stained her cheek. "About what, mother?"

"Oh, nothing, dearest—a mere matter of business!"

"But, mother, it can hardly be nothing! Tell me what all this means. I insist upon knowing. Surely you never asked them for a package of second-hand clothes!"

Mrs. Trafford burst into feeble tears.

"Don't look so sternly at me, Dora," she bewailed herself. "I—I couldn't help it! I've had to do it this long time, but I never meant that you should know it. You're like your father, Dora—you're so proud. And people must live."

Dora had grown very pale.

"Mother, have you been borrowing money of these haughty relations of ours?" cried she.

"You're hurting me, Dora! Don't squeeze my arm so!"

"Oh, I beg pardon, dear! I didn't mean to hurt you," stooping to kiss the bony wrist. "But you haven't answered me."

"How could I borrow money of them when they wouldn't lend it?" querulously retorted Mrs. Trafford. "But they sent these things. They thought, perhaps, we might make them useful."

"Oh!" said Dora, curling her short upper lip with infinite scorn. "Then that accounts for the remarkable wardrobe you've been sending me while I was under-teacher at Miss Magalloway's! As long as I thought it was your taste in selections—but all the while it was second-hand finery!"

"What could I do?" plained the widow. "Some of the things I sold at Simon's place. It all helped to pay the grocer and the baker. The Mainwarings ought to help us, Dora. They're so much richer than we are!"

"There's no ought about it!" retorted Dora. "Dives never lent money to Lazarus that I know of, although they might have been distant relations."

"Dora, what are you doing?" cried Mrs. Trafford.

"Packing up these things, mother, into a bundle."

"Where are you going to do with them?"

"I'm going to send them back to them from whom I got them!"

"Some of the things are good for us," said Dora, "and I can't quite give them up."

again. Don't try to argue the point, mother, dear. This thing never would have happened if I had been at home. To think that these Mainwarings should insult us by an offer of their second-hand clothes!"

Mrs. Trafford shrank into the chair, appalled at the pallor in Dora's cheek, the lightning of her eyes.

"What would she say," thought she, "if she knew all I had borrowed from Cousin Celia, and couldn't pay back? Oh, dear! oh, dear! but how could I help it, with all our expenses and not a cent of income?"

Miss Adela Mainwaring was just returning from a drive on Riverside Park, when she saw the district telegraph boy toiling up the steps with a colossal package.

"What's this, mamma?" she said.

"The folks is much obliged," said the boy, hurriedly inventing a substitute for the note which—not without previously acquainting himself with its contents—he had contrived to lose while running after a fire engine; "but they've gone where they ain't no need o' such things no more!"

"What!" cried Mrs. Mainwaring; "dead?"

"That's the message," said the boy, making good his escape with no unnecessary delay.

"Addie, dear, you must go and see about this," said Mrs. Mainwaring. "Poor, dear Henry's widow! And there was a girl, too, wasn't there? Thomas, Thomas! don't put the horses up. Miss Adela wants to use the carriage again. Stay a minute! I'll go, too!"

But when the claret-colored landau reached the shabby brick house in St. Aloysius Square, it was locked, barred and shuttered.

"My goodness me!" said good-natured Mrs. Mainwaring. "What a pity!"

Miss Adela shrugged her sealskin shoulders.

"Well, after all," said she, "perhaps things happen for the best! The woman was always begging and borrowing. I'm sure I got out of all patience with her long ago."

Meanwhile Mrs. Trafford, looking listlessly out of the window of an economical lodging over a baker's shop, was quite certain that nothing short of starvation awaited herself and Dora.

"Now, mother, that's all nonsense," said the latter. "We are independent now, and that is what we need most of all. Mrs. Totten—Totten was the name inscribed in gilt letters over the store door—'knows of some fancy knitting you can get to do, and I have already secured a place in St. Francis's Hospital. Dr. Hope always told me I was a born nurse, and it was so nice that he happened to recognize me when I went to enter my application as a helper there."

"But the sight of blood!" said Mrs. Trafford. "And the smell of ether—and all those horrid things! Dear, dear! I am sure it would kill me!"

"Somebody has got to care for the poor sufferers," said brave Dora. "And why shouldn't it be me?"

"And to think that the Reverend Henry Trafford's daughter should write her name in the hospital books!" groaned poor Mrs. Trafford, who, like the proverbial ostrich, hiding its head in the sand, all along maintained the pitiful fiction of exceeding gentility.

"Oh, that's all provided for!" said Dora. "I wrote my name 'Dorcas Travers.' I don't see why I'm not as well entitled to a *nomme de plume* as the pen-and-ink woman."

"It's no laughing matter!" sighed the mother.

"Isn't it always better to laugh than to cry?" cheerily demanded Dora.

Dorcas Travers had scarcely been a week in attendance at the hospital, when its bustling, imperious, little head surgeon sent an imperative summons for her.

"You're not afraid of scarlet fever, are you?" said he, curtly.

"I am afraid of nothing!" said Miss Travers.

"Good!" said Doctor Hope. "Then I shall detail you for instant duty in Madison avenue. Your bag—"

"It's here in my arm, all packed," said Dorcas. "I thought it would be well to be prepared, so I left word with my mother not to expect to see me at present."

"Good again!" said the doctor, drawing on his gloves. "Jump into the carriage! I'll take you there at once."

"Is the—the young person quite experienced?" gasped Mrs. Mainwaring, her pink cheeks bleached white, her point lace cap pinned on awry. "Because Richard is so very ill."

"She'll do very well," said Doctor Hope, gruffly. "Be so good as to turn all these people out of the room, madam. Quiet and fresh air, above all things, must be maintained."

And this was the first Dora knew that she was in the house of her rich relations. Her first impulse was to run after Doctor Hope and tell him that she could not remain there; her next to accede quietly to the dictates of fate.

"After all," said she to herself, "it's simply in the way of business. To think that I am to be installed as nurse to that Grand Mogul of a Richard Mainwaring!"

She went quietly about her avocations, a sort of crowned queen in the

sick room, to whom everybody deferred as second only to Doctor Hope himself.

"Well, really," she thought, as time passed by, "he isn't so intolerable! I really think I should have been sorry if he had died that night when his life-barque drifted so near the Great Unknown. He's very handsome and very patient."

"Really, doctor," said Mrs. Mainwaring, "that little blue-eyed nurse of yours is an educated lady. I found her reading a volume of Goethe in the German the other day, and it's wonderful how well she manages Richard in his convalescence. The Mainwarings were always difficult to control in sickness."

"A lady? Of course she's a lady," assented the doctor. "A clergyman's daughter, I believe. Taught in a school before she took to nursing. By-the-way, I shall need her in an interesting diphtheria case to-morrow. I think Mr. Mainwaring will do very well with yourself and the housekeeper after to-day."

"But she can't go!" gasped the lady.

"But she must go!" declared the doctor.

Mrs. Mainwaring burst into tears.

"Miss Travers," she cried, as the slender, velvet-stepping nurse came into the room to get a carafe of iced water for the convalescent, "what's this about your leaving us? You cannot! I will double your salary."

"If you were to quadruple it," said Dorcas, in that low, sweet voice of hers that was so potent in the sick-room, "it would make no difference. I am at Doctor Hope's disposal."

"Bravo, Miss Travers!" said the head surgeon, softly clapping his hands.

"Dear Dorcas, do not leave us!" sobbed Miss Adela, flinging herself on the girl's shoulder.

"I have a debt to pay," said Dorcas, quietly. "I must earn all I can."

"What debt?" questioned Adela.

"I am a poor girl," said Dorcas, still in the same even, melodious voice, "and all my life some rich relatives have been helping me. Now I have resolved to be dependent no longer, nor shall I rest until I have repaid every whit of the obligation. Perhaps, Miss Mainwaring, you do not know who I am? My real name is Dora Trafford."

"Eh!" said the doctor. "Flinging off the mask already?"

"And I think—Dora was glancing around with a frightened air—"that I had better go with you now, doctor. Mrs. Mainwaring, you will please keep my twenty-five dollars a week to ward my debt. I will just go in and tell Mr. Mainwaring good-by, and join you presently, doctor."

And before Mrs. Mainwaring or Adela could recover themselves, she was gone.

But Mr. Richard Mainwaring, from the inner room, had overheard something of what was going on.

"So you are going away?" said he, detaining her with one emaciated, claw-like hand. "No, Dorcas—no, dear little disciple of the Red Cross—you shall not escape so readily. Dorcas, I love you—you shall stay!"

"I think you must be a little delirious still," murmured Dora, faintly.

"You spoke of a debt," said Richard Mainwaring, and there certainly was a magnetic light in those deep, dark eyes of his. "Well, granted that such a debt exists. You can only pay it with yourself. Sweet, if you have saved my life for me, it would be a cruel kindness for you to blast it now."

"I—don't—know—what to think," hesitated Dora.

"Well," said Doctor Hope, "I think I'd better look up a new nurse for that diphtheria case."

And Dora Trafford's first situation was her last.

"There's no use in trying to mould one's own destiny," said she, piteously. "Things work themselves out so differently from what one expects!"—Saturday Night.

The Mexican on Horseback.

The Mexican lives on horseback. Dismount him and he is as helpless as a child. Mounted on his charger, with an immovable saddle, the strong bit that will break a horse's jaw if pulled very tightly, and a lariat, and he is ready for either war, the chase, the "round-up" of cattle or a bear fight. Most of his work is done on horseback. His headquarters are in the saddle. His neighborly visits are made on horseback, no matter how short the distance.

The Mexican prides himself upon the number of his riding horses and his ability to "break" them to the saddle. Usually the horses run wild on the large rancho until they are wanted for use. The major-domo of the rancho, with a number of vaqueros, pursue and drive a number into a dell, the entrance to which is immediately closed with branches or ropes. The vaqueros each select a horse and he is noosed with the lariat and thrown to the ground. In a second he is bridled with the cruel Spanish bit in his mouth, the Spanish immovable saddle is lashed on him and a vaquero mounts him. For a few moments the scene is exciting and amusing, to the spectators, who alternately shout, "Bravo, Juan!" or laugh in derision at the alternate success of rider or beast.—Philadelphia Times.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

He Was Equal to the Occasion—Incompatibility—Coming Eminence—He Doubted Not—Casus Belli, Etc., Etc.

What hours of happiness I spent
That day behind the speedy spin,
When joyfully I sleighing went
With Sarah Ann.

The lovelight sparkled in her eye,
Her cheeks glowed with crimson tint;
She took the reins from me, and I—
I took the hint.
—New York Press.

COMING EMINENCE.

"I hear how your brother Teddy is gettin' up in politics."

"Yep. He don't do no work no more at all."—Chicago Record.

INCOMPATIBILITY.

"Miss Nelson complained that you talked to her of nothing but the weather."

"Well, that's all we had in common."

—Life.

HE DOUBTED NOT.

Scientific Barber—"It is hard to believe that when examined under a microscope the edge of a razor is seen to have teeth like those of a saw."

Whithing-but Sarcastic Customer—"Is it?"—Life.

ALL EXPLAINED.

Mrs. Clinker—"Mrs. Kingley says her baby is a perfect little angel."

Clinker—"That's what Kingley meant the other day when he said he added a new pair of wings to his house."—Truth.

TAKING NO CHANCES.

"What ye lookin' fur?" asked Plodding Pete.

"Work," replied Meandering Mike.

"What fur?"

"So's I kin see it fust, an' dodge."

—Washington Star.

A WISE ACT.

Vokes—"We have at last secured a cook who will stay with us."

Carson—"Nonsense!"

Vokes—"Not at all. I took her on the recommendation of the policeman on the beat."—Truth.

CASUS BELLII.

"Tommy," said Mrs. Figg, "what on earth have you been fighting with Jimmy Briggs for?"

"Cause his mother called me a perfect little gentleman," said the incorrigible Tommy.—Indianapolis Journal.

MIGHT FALL IN LOVE WITH SELF.

"Oh," she cried, "if I could only see myself as others see me!"

"It wouldn't do," said he. "It would make you too conceited."

And then she smiled on him all the rest of the evening.—Harper's Bazar.

LEAVE NO CRUMBS.

Mrs. Finis—"I'm as sick as I can be, just from eating these peanuts."

Finis—"Well, why don't you stop eating them?"

Mrs. Finis (in amazement)—"Stop? Why, I have more than half a bag left yet!"—Puck.

A LAST DESPERATE CHANCE.

"Have you anything to say before we eat you?" said the King of the Cannibal Isles to a Boston missionary.

"I have," was the reply. "I want to talk to you for a while on the advantages of a vegetarian diet."—Harper's Bazar.

NOT HEREDITARY.

"My boy," said Tompkins, "is the most truthful little fellow that ever lived."

"I believe it," said Hawkins. "I have heard it said that the suppressed qualities in the father always crop out in the son."—Harper's Bazar.

JUDGED BY RESULTS.

She—"The Letters of Junius I regard as the most wonderful compositions in the language."

He—"They don't compare with Jack Hardy's. Why, he wrote a letter of condolence to a widow, and she took off her mourning immediately."—Life.

RESEMBLANCE.

Mrs. Yonhus—"Yes, my dear. Just like its father, is baby. Tiny little nose, fat podgy hands, funny fat cheeks, beautiful bald head—isn't it?"

Mrs. Hodgskins (with a glance at Mr. Yonhus in the corner)—"Yes, my sweet, very."—Harper's Bazar.

NICKEL PU.

Strawber—"I hear you proposed to Miss Twilling the other night. Did she give you an answer?"

Singerly—"Not till I came the next night."

Strawber—"Then what did she say?"

Singerly—"She told the servant to tell me she was very sorry, but she was already engaged."—Judge.

PROFESSIONAL RETORTS.

Robert Smith (brother of Sydney,

and familiarly called Bobus) was a lawyer and an ex-advocate general, and happened on one occasion to be engaged in an argument with a physician touching the merits of their respective professions.

"You must admit," urged Dr. —, "your profession does not make angels of men."

"No," was the retort; "there you have the best of it; yours certainly gives them the first chance."—Sala's Journal.

HAD BEEN TO THE FAIR.

"Now," said the intrepid explorer, after he had shown the guileless native the inside workings of a brass watch and had noted his native wonder at the mysteries of the mechanism, "I will let you have one of these for two tucks. Then you can be the envy of the whole tribe."

The native gentleman yawned.

"I traded a second-hand war club for a bushel of those things when I was at the World's Fair last summer," said he, "and there was not one of them that ran for more than a week. Got any chewin' about your clothes?"—Indianapolis Journal.

WHERE JOKES CANNOT ENTER.

A certain Philadelphia gentleman, of more name than fame, was ordered by his physician to travel for the benefit of his health.

He went to England, and after tiring of bumping through London, he decided to hire a trap and see the beauties of interior England in dignified ease and luxury.

Just then he fell in with a hearty, good-natured Englishman, and as they soon became fast friends, the American invited the other to attend him on his coaching trip.

The son of John Bull accepted, and during the days of pleasure that followed, each frequently and in a joking manner improved every occasion to laud his own country and express his contempt of the other.

On the evening of the fourth day, as they were driving along a dusty road, the American pulled the horses up suddenly and began to read a sign: "To Manchester twenty miles," and underneath were the words: "If you cannot read this sign apply for information at the blacksmith shop."

"Well, I'll be blamed!" said the American. "If that isn't the most ridiculous sign I ever saw!"

"I say, old man," replied the Englishman, "that sign is all right, isn't it? I don't see anything the matter."

"You don't, eh? Well, then, you just sleep over in and see what you think in the morning."

The next morning the Englishman came down beaming.

"I say, old man," he said wisely, "that was a funny sign to put up, for don't you see the blacksmith might not be in after all, you know."—Boston Budget.

An Active Old Man of 123.

One of the oldest, if not the very oldest, men in America, lives in a little shanty on the banks of the Osage River at Osage City, Mo. He is colored, and named Richard Hoops. According to the statements of Hoops, which are well supported by accessible records, he was born in Chatham County, N. C., December 20, 1770, and thus lacks less than a month of the completion of his 123d year. Born a slave, he was taken to Missouri by his owner, John P. Hayden, while a mere boy. A few years later he was sold to the man whose name he now bears, and lived with him near Vienna, Maries County, until the emancipation of the slaves. Since that time he has lived at Westphalia, but for the last twenty-five years has made his home at Osage City.

Hoops is remarkably well preserved, and lives alone in his shanty. He fishes a great deal for the big catfish that frequent the waters of the Osage, and is never happier than when he can catch a big one and make soup of its head. He is still able to do some work, and it was only a few years since that he contracted with a farmer in the vicinity of his home to remove the stumps and roots off a newly cleared tract of land. He fulfilled his contract, doing all the work himself. His mind is still clear on many of the events that happened toward the close of the last century, and he recalls with great pride that he once held the horse of General Greene, of Revolutionary fame. In appearance, Hoops resembles a mummy; his skin looks like parchment, and he is toothless and hairless, but his step is remarkably firm, and his eye bright and clear.

As stated, he lives alone, having no relatives as far as known. He is a member and regular attendant of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. His neighbors take a great interest in him, and do him many acts of kindness, and he would not have to work, as they would supply his simple wants gladly, but he is independent, and says that he intends to earn his own living for many years yet. His house stands under the approach to the Missouri Pacific Railroad Bridge across the Osage, and, except when absent on his fishing trips, "Uncle Hoops," as he is called, can be found at home. He has the record of his birth, and there is but little doubt that he is the oldest person in the country.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.